

EXHIBIT H

6.

MAVERICK
Number 1 and Number 2 Oxygen on and
Checked.

Pure oxygen suddenly hisses into his suit, pressurizing it. Maverick pulls down the BAILER BAR on his helmet, locking it to the metal ring at the suit's neck, sealing it.

LARDO (over radio)
Number 1 and Number 2 Oxygen On and
Checked.

MAVERICK
(another switch)
DKK primed.

LARDO (over radio)
DKK primed - copy.

Mav flips another switch, beginning what is clearly a long, careful process...

EXT. MOONRAKER - HOUR LATER

Both the front and rear doors of the Hangar are now open, later afternoon sun spilling in.

LARDO (over radio)
Intake and exhaust clear, drain valve
draining, fire guard posted, chocks
installed... Everything's good down
here; ready to start engines when
you are.

MAVERICK
I'll take rotation on main engines.

LARDO (over radio)
Go for rotation.

A Flight Crewman flips a switch on a massive PNEUMATIC START-CART 50 yards from the jet and attached by umbilical to the underside of the Moonraker. There's a sudden WHOOSH of pressurized air, followed by a slowly BUILDING, CHURNING WHINE as the engine TURBINES start to spool up.

With a FIERY CRUMP, the Engines IGNITE with a ROAR as the exhaust cones spit plumes of blue-fire, quickly going white.

INT. MOONRAKER COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The Engine-sound is a percussive blast, so deep it's almost below hearing, a primal heartbeat. Most of the switches and indicator lights are now flipped on the the control console.

GRAY0003

7.

Mav flips a switch - his helmet suddenly flickers to life with Heads-Up Display data scrolling across it.

MAVERICK
TM and TSPI. On.

LARDO (over radio)
TM and TSPI Telemetry good. All lights
are green.

Mav keys the radio with a thumb switch.

MAVERICK
Tower, Raker One clearance on request.

TOWER (over radio)
Raker One, Cleared cactus departure,
climb to flight level 2-2-zero. Remain
within restricted Area 48-oh-8 until
above one-five thousand, depart
heading 3-zero-zero.

MAVERICK
Copy that. Clear to Taxi.

Mav slowly eases the throttle forward, the engine roar increases and Moonraker starts rolling out of the hangar.

EXT. HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

Moonraker emerges onto the taxi-way.

TOWER (over radio)
Raker-1 Altimeter, 2-niner-7, winds
3-five-zero at 7, cleared for takeoff
runway 3-two, switch departure.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MOMENTS LATER

Lardo, Rear-Admiral Cain and the rest of the Mission control crew sit with headsets, watching numerous screens displaying a satellite feed, cameras on the runway and inside the cockpit, plane telemetry, etc.

MAVERICK (over radio)
2-niner-7, cleared 3-two, switchin'.

LARDO (into radio)
Raker-1, RCC. Do you feel the need?

INT. MOONRAKER COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The runway tarmac stretches ahead of the jet like an invitation. Maverick cracks a small grin.

8.

MAVERICK

Affirm. Thanks for the good launch,
Chief.

LARDO (over radio)

Smoke this one to the bone, son.

Mav pushes the throttle forward, the deep throb of the engines swelling into a TITANIC ROAR.

Mav releases the breaks --- the jet ROCKETS FORWARD with brutal neck snapping force, the length of runaway evaporates in the blink of an eye --- the terminus screaming closer --- at the last second Moonraker launches into the sky.

MAVERICK

RAKER-1, airborne. Proceeding to
tanker rendezvous at two-two-zero.

EXT. MOONRAKER - LATER

~~Moonraker hangs above the clouds, linked by an umbilical refueling boom to a KC135 Q AIR FUELING TANKER PLANE, TEXACO FIVE SEVEN.~~

~~They would be using a tanker for test planes, right? Not likely someone aboard hasn't seen this plane.~~

INT./EXT. MOONRAKER - LATER

Fire spits from the afterburners as Moonraker cuts up through the clouds ---

MAVERICK

Raker. Card twenty one complete.
Setting up for card twenty two. Range
fifty-seven point-two.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MOMENTS LATER

Telemetry data streams across the digital displays in front of Lardo - one readout has a map, tracing Moonraker's path: a long half-circle curving over most of California.

LARDO (into radio)

Raker-1, Range, copy fifty-seven
point two. You are cleared above
flight level six zero zero, accelerate
to Mach 3.5 and proceed to waypoint
one.

MAVERICK (over radio)

Raker. Wilco. MAX-AB.

GRAY0005

9.

LARDO

Roger. Check tapes on, report turning in.

MAVERICK

Raker. Tapes on.

INT. MOONRAKER COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

Maverick pulls the jet through a long banking turn - far below him is the distant glint of the sun reflecting off of the Pacific Ocean. He straightens the jet out, now heading back inland.

MAVERICK

Raker-1, waypoint one, on conditions, ready to start card twenty-two.

LARDO (over radio)

Raker-1, begin card twenty-two, transition to scram jet.

MAVERICK

Raker.
(flips a throttle actuator
and engages a few switches)
Good light off.

The main engines shut down, for a brief moment there's sudden, eery silence of unpowered flight --- then a THUNDEROUS PEAL as the SCRAMJET engine bursts into life and THRUST like nothing else ---

INT. EXT. MOONRAKER

Moonraker blasts into upper atmosphere - rapidly thinning air giving way the black void of space and twinkle of stars.

MAVERICK

Pitch 5 degrees, good alpha, passing
MACH 5.4, 120,000 feet.

LARDO

On track. On profile.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - MOMENTS LATER

MAVERICK (over radio)

Mach 6.0. 140K, good alpha.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)

Combustion temperature is normal.
Skin's starting to heat up.

LARDO
(consults the displays)
Roger, you're still well within
limits.

EXT. MOONRAKER - MOMENTS LATER

Thin atmosphere screams past the leading edge of Moonraker's
prow, sheeting into flame from the concussive friction.

INT. MOONRAKER COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

Mav is locked into a zone, gripping the stick tightly, barely
moving, yet fighting an epic battle against the very forces
of Nature, every muscle taut, every nerve firing ---
responding instantly and instinctively to every judder and
twitch of the airframe, man and machine utterly melded into
one mind and body.

Airspeed numbers climb upwards on his HUD.

FLIGHT TECH ENGINEER (over radio)
Mach 7.8, 7.9, 8.0!

LARDO (over radio)
That's it! Fastest man alive!

MAVERICK
(cracks a small grin)
Thanks to you guys.

LARDO (over radio)
Ok, cut the scramjet. Passing 204,000
feet.

Mav looks at the throttles, thinks about pulling them back ---

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Lardo glances away from the telemetry, exchanging a grin
with the rest of the Mission control team. This is an
accomplishment for all of them ---

FLIGHT TECH ENGINEER
Sir, he's passing Mach 8.2 and 230,000
feet!

Lardo swivels instantly back to the screens, concerned.

LARDO
Raker-1, how do you read?

MAVERICK
Raker. Good alpha. I think she's got
a little juice left...

11.

Lardo hesitates, trusts Mav, but also knows the risks.

FLIGHT TECH ENGINEER
Mach 8.5. Combustion temperature is
climbing, he's close to an unstart.

LARDO
Got it. Raker-1, I need you to
shutdown now. Your combustion
temperature is getting close to the
limits and we don't want you to have
to walk home from Wyoming.

ADMIRAL
What's he doing?!

INT. MOONRAKER COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Ungodly acceleration, the world is nothing but a pin-point
directly ahead of Mav. Everything else is just blur. SCRAMJET
engine screaming like a thousand banshees.

FLIGHT TECH ENGINEER (over radio)
Mach 8.9, Mach 9.0!

LARDO (over radio)
Mav, you've proved your point, come
on home, bro.

Mav starts to ease off the throttle...

Moonraker suddenly JOLTS VIOLENTLY as a burst of flame rips
out from the front, wrong-end of the engine. A dozen warning
lights flick on across the console and Mav's HUD.

MAVERICK
I've got a scramjet unstart.
Throttling back. Decelerating.

More warning lights go on, smoke starts to fill the cockpit,
Moonraker starts jerking wildly.

MAVERICK (CONT'D)
Pitching down, RCS thrusters are
barely countering it. Mach 7.8,
330,000 feet.

INT. MISSION CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is scrambling for data, breaking out accident
manuals. Lardo is gripping his console tightly, watching the
numbers. The Admiral is panicking.

GRAY0008

12.

LARDO

Mav, can you hear me? Hang on brother,
you're almost in the envelope.

ADMIRAL

Eject! Why doesn't he eject?!

LARDO

He's too fast, sir. The ejection
envelope is Mach 5 and below, if he
punches out now he's dead. Let us
handle this.

FLIGHT TECH ENGINEER

Mach 6.2, 300,000 feet.

INT. MOONRAKER COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Moonraker is slipping out of Mav's grasp. She's wild, shaking
and swerving.

MAVERICK

Pitch and roll rates increasing,
negative alpha. She's starting to
shake pretty bad. RCS not responding.

FLIGHT TECH ENGINEER (over radio)

Mach 5.4....Mach 4.9!

LARDO

RAKER-ONE, EJECT, EJECT!

Mav grasps the D-RING TRIGGER for his EJECTOR SEAT ready to
pull it --- but he hesitates --- one hand on the rudder-stick,
one on the ejector trigger --- a conflict of emotions on his
face ---

LARDO (CONT'D)

EJECT! MAV!

A single red warning light suddenly flicks on directly in
front of Mav's face --- he lets out a breath he didn't realize
he was holding --- SUDDENLY Moonraker RIPS APART IN A
CATAclysm OF RENDING, SCREAMING METAL...EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.